

## The Carnival

by JamesF

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Summary: Amy's back, but Oz is gone!

## The Carnival

> <meta name="Generator"> "Carnival" (PG-14 for innuendo)

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TIME: Mid-season 3 -- several episodes after "Gingerbread" -- Amy is still a rat; Cordelia and Xander have broken up; Wil and Oz are back together; Wesley is the "official" watcher.

CAST: Buffy, Willow, Xander, Cordelia, Giles, Wesley, Oz, Amy, Mike; "The Professor," Professor's assistant

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### WILLOW'S BEDROOM

(Opening shot of the full moon seen high in the sky through the trees. Camera pans in through the open bedroom window. The sound of chanting slowly rises in volume. Camera pans down to a back shot of Willow and Mike conjuring around a single candle. Willow is in a long dress with a scarf over her head and lots of gold costume jewelry, making her look like the gypsy fortune teller at a carnival. The flame dances back and forth, as if there was a light breeze in the room. Among the paraphernalia are a crystal ball and a ouji board. Propped up nearby is an old carnival poster. A small book lies open in front of Willow.)

(Camera pans over to Amy-rat, standing on its hind legs, front legs

propped up on the bars of the cage. It looks out through the bars, and wiggles its moustache. )

Willow and Mike: (Slowly intoning, somewhat theatrically) "Aglon, Tetagram, Veacheon, Retrogrammaton, Existion, Existion. . . "

(As they chant, sound of wind picking up; candle goes out; blackness; then cut.)

#### SCHOOL LOUNGE THE NEXT MORNING

(Willow and Buffy are huddled together at one end of a couch in the school break area. We catch Willow in mid sentence.)

Willow: ". . . and then he said that I would have to give him the thing I loved the most. . . But I was very specific -- he was not to take a person -- he could take something in return for bringing Amy back...I can do without any of my things. . . people are more important than things..."

Buffy: "...Oh, god, Willow -- making a deal with a. . . whatever it was. . . that's so dangerous. What did he take?"

Willow: (worried) "That's the trouble. . . I don't know yet . . . My computer's here (looks down in the laptop, which is sitting in her lap), my beanies were all there. The house and the car . . . (flustered) . . . you know. . . (with more animation) He did bring Amy back . . . (shyly) I had to run and get her a robe for her to put on, because. . . well. . . rats don't wear any clothes. . . (with sly smile) and I think Mike peeked. . . "

(Xander bounds up and noisily sits down next to Buffy. )

Xander: "Hi, guys."

Willow: (distractedly) "Hey, Xander"

Buffy: (slightly perky) "Willow brought Amy back."

Xander: "The rat girl arises -- way to go Will!" . . . (notices Willow's unhappy expression) "What's..the matter? You saved Amy."

Buffy: (less perky) "She had to make a 'deal' with a demon..."

Xander: "A deal with a demon? Whoh-ho -- that's not good."

Willow: (sternly) "It wasn't a demon . . . it...it...was just this old man. . . Mike and I were conjuring with the Key of Solomon, and this . . . man . . . appeared out of nowhere, with a big puff of smoke."

Xander: (does Groucho Marx impersonation with virtual cigar) "Key of Solomon, eh? I think I just saw that at lost-and-found. Was it on a rabbit's foot key chain?"

Buffy: (gives Xander a drop-dead look)

Willow: "He brought Amy back, but I had to give him the 'thing' I

love the most . . . only I don't know what that is. . .yet. . . "  
(look of extreme discomfort)

(Reaction shot of Buffy and Xander's worried expressions.)

(Cordelia arrives and squeezes in between B and X on the sofa, which now seats, from left to right, Willow, Buffy, Cordelia, and Xander. Cordelia pointedly ignores Xander, and begins her diatribe. Xander initially looks annoyed, but doesn't say anything, then settles back and listens.)

Cordelia: "Honestly, Men! I was there all last night with Wesley, well not all last night, because I don't stay out all night like some people I know. So when I went to the library this morning, Wes and Giles were already there messing around that old book cage ... talking on the phones and acting like it's some kind of Federal Case ... Not a word to me or anything. And I had stayed up all last night with Wesley watching Oz -- well not all night, you know -- and all he can think about is that old book cage. They should get the lock fixed or something . . . I mean . . .

Anyway, it's daylight now and Oz is Oz and he's all right and everything -- unless he ate somebody last night." )

(Cordelia stops short and looks at Willow, whose eyes are wide with apprehension. Buffy's mouth is agape, as she is momentarily struck dumb by the idea that Oz has escaped, as well as by Cordelia's onslaught of verbal diarrhea.)

"Sorry, Willow, I didn't mean . . . Anyway, it's OK because they said that nobody has been reported eaten, so at worst Oz is out there somewhere without his clothes on . . . Oz can't have gotten into much trouble because he was in the cage and Wes and I were there until . . . I mean. . . (takes a breath, starts again, a little more slowly). "Anyway, we weren't really watching 'Oz' because that 'thing' in the cage really isn't a person, is it? . . . I mean until the sun comes up . . ."

Willow: (with a look of horror) "Oh my god." (Throws her laptop computer aside and dashes away toward the library at top speed.)

Buffy: "Willow!" (follows, running)

Xander: (Looks at Willow's laptop computer, which he has caught clumsily with one hand) "Can't take care of her 'things'."

Cordelia: (Mouth open in amazement, and perturbed at no longer being the center of attention, watches W and B run toward the library.)

(Long shot of Xander and Cordelia wedged closely together at one end of the otherwise empty couch. Simultaneously they realize what it looks like. Camera cuts to their faces. They slowly look up, making eye contact very briefly. Xander then diverts his eyes downward and Cordelia

looks up, past Xander, and gets up wordlessly. She passes around the couch, behind Xander, pauses, then walks away stiffly, clutching her books to her chest.)

(Close-up of Xander's frozen expression as he processes Cordelia's leaving. Then he looks up, whispers "Willow!" to himself, and with a look of concern, and hurries toward the library.)

#### THE LIBRARY

(Willow, Buffy, Giles, and Xander are seated around a library table. Wesley is standing a few feet behind the table. The book cage, with door ajar, can be seen in the background. The laptop computer is on the table in front of Willow, who appears to be in a state of shock.)

Giles: "You're sure it was the Key of Solomon that you used to bring Amy back?"

Wesley: "That can't be right. The Key of Solomon was a 19th century fraud. Occultist drivel."

Willow: (Blinking and shaking off her state of confusion, digs into her book bag and hands a small black book to Giles) "That's it -- The Key of Solomon. We recited the incantation of the fourth house of the Key of Solomon to open the gateway . . . "

Giles: (picks up the book with slight disdain, and ruffles the pages quickly, then slaps it back down on the desk.) "No, Willow, Wesley is . . . right (fleeting look of annoyance on G's face). This book has no power. It was used by 19th century mediums and spiritualists, confidence men . . . and, uh, women . . . who worked carnivals to separate the yokels from their money. Complete fabrication."

Buffy: "Then where did the demon come from?"

Willow: "It wasn't a demon. . . just an old man. . . "

Buffy: "Willow, if it wasn't a demon. . . " (slight pause) "What did this 'old man' look like?"

Willow: "Well. . . He wasn't scary or anything, I guess that's why I trusted him. He had an old-fashioned 3-piece suit on, with a vest. And a wide tie."

Xander: ". . . and bell bottoms? Like disco fever?"

Willow: "No, like 1890's -- the jacket had tails, he had big funny collar. . . striped pants. . . and spats!"

(Buffy and Xander smirk slightly at the concept of 'spats.' In contrast, Giles remains expressionless. Wesley is seen in the background engrossed in the little black book that Willow brought. He has the book close to his face reading intently, his lips moving slightly.)

Giles: "Horns or tail or . . . anything?"

Willow: (annoyed at having to repeat herself yet again) "No, he was just an old man. . . He talked kinda funny. . . Like one of those guys on the shopping channel."

Xander: "Hey, I need to talk to him -- I'm still waiting for my

'pocket fisherman' to arrive."

Giles: (shoots a dirty look at Xander, then has the glimmer of an idea) "Uh. . . Willow, where is Amy right now?"

Willow: "Well, she's really behind in her classes, so I think she's doing make up work at home."

Buffy: "Poor kid, probably won't come up for air for a month."

Giles: "Yes, but perhaps she can give us some clue as to this 'old man's' identity. . . so that we can get Oz back."

Willow: (Looks toward the empty book cage, and reverts to her state of anxiety) "Oh Oz. . . "

#### AMY'S KITCHEN

(Amy is seated at the kitchen table of a modest house. Her hair is mussed up, and she is wearing a bathrobe. Bright morning light floods through the window. Willow is seated next to Amy. Buffy is sitting next to Willow. Giles and Wesley are standing up. Spread out on the table are school books, notebooks, papers, a pencil sharpener, a bowl, a box of cereal, and a carton of milk. Giles is already speaking.)

Giles: ". . . and then you made good your escape from the flames. . . "

Amy: ". . . it was just a simple transformation spell. . . I didn't even know if it would work. Willow and Mike should have been able to break it easily, without having to make a deal with the dark powers. . . "

Willow: (shifting uncomfortably) "It wasn't that easy. . . We tried everything, but we couldn't remember exactly. . . "

Giles: (interrupting) "More importantly, how and why did the so-called 'Key of Solomon' work when the legitimate spells didn't."

Amy: "The Key of Solomon. . . Willow, you didn't use that!" (in tone of disbelief)

Willow: (guiltily) "Yes. . . well. . . Mike and I. . . that is. . . we had heard. . . "

Wesley: (self-importantly) "The Key of Solomon is fake, a sideshow fraud."

Amy: (looking at Wesley, annoyed) "Of course it is, but when you live on the Hellmouth, anything you say can be overheard by the lower beings." (turning to Willow) "When you tried to invoke 'the Key of Solomon,' a mischievous spirit must have heard it, and decided to pay you a little visit. Probably a bored poltergeist who wanted to have some fun at your expense. They love to play tricks on the gullible -- where do you think UFO's come from?"

Willow: "But we . . . I mean he . . . was able to change you back. . . "

. "

Amy: (sighs and averts her eyes) "Yes. It was an easy spell. . . "

Willow: (stifling a sob) "But he took Oz. . . "

Amy: (breaking her thoughts, turns and looks compassionately at Willow) "I'm sorry, Willow."

(Everyone is quiet. Camera pans away from Amy to the empty rat cage on the kitchen counter behind them. )

INSIDE SIDESHOW TENT

(Shot of rat cage dissolves into Oz behind bars of a yellow cage in a dimly-lit carnival tent. He has both hands on the bars and peers out listlessly (reprise of Amy-rat in earlier scene). From the waist-up shot, we can see that he is not wearing a shirt. Carnival sounds build slowly in the background. "The Professor" starts talking loudly from off-camera.)

The Professor: (very theatrically) "Boy, you are a big disappointment to me."

Oz: (remains silent and expressionless, his eyes look dimly toward the Professor)

Prof: "Here I thought I had a rip-snorter of a Werewolf, the genuine article. . . . But you. . . "

(The Professor moves into the shot. He is somewhat taller than Oz, and looks down on him. We can't see the bottom half of Oz's body, but presume that he is naked, having converted back from being a werewolf. Oz looks up slowly, with his usual subdued expression. The Professor is 60-ish and is dressed as Willow described, in a striped suit with tails -- outlandish even for the 1890's. He is balding on top, and has long white hair that curls slightly at his collar. He looks a little like The Wizard of Oz, or the first Dr. Who.)

Prof: ". . . you are a big disappointment." (Makes a sweeping motion with his arm over Oz's body, possibly indicating body parts that are out of view of the camera.)

Oz: (finally speaking) "When the sun comes up. . . " (shrugs)

Prof: (interrupting) "Yes, but the sun never shines down here. It's always dark, and yet you changed back just the same. Nobody's going to pay to see. . . " (gesturing with hands, stumbling for words) ". . . you."

(Oz's eyebrows twitch briefly. The Professor groans in disgust.) Camera pulls back, and we can see that a large, strategically placed panel painted the same color as the cage covers Oz's mid-section. The Professor's assistant enters the tent. She is a tall woman in her late 30s, dressed as a carnival show-girl. She has henna-colored skin, with jet black hair, but appears otherwise human. She walks up to the cage and peers down at Oz, looking over the partition with some slight curiosity.)

Prof: (speaking to assistant) "How are we going to bill this!? 'Come one, come all to see the skinny little human?'"

Asst: (looking sultry, eyes on Oz) "Oh, I don't know, the Vamps might pay. . . for a nibble."

Prof: (even more agitated) "Oh yes! And how many vampires are there around here any more? That ... girl, that slayer ... has reduced the population of paying customers." (Professor looks upward and starts declaiming in a loud voice) "When I heard those shills on the surface reciting the Key of Solomon, my old scam, I had to see what was going on." (mockingly) "The little witch had a werewolf for a boyfriend -- so I took him for the show ... But I can't use this!" (indicating Oz).

Asst: (Thinks, then says to Oz) "Can you dance, boy?"

Oz: (pause) "I play guitar."

(Prof. and Asst look up at one another) . Cut.

#### OUTSIDE SIDESHOW TENT

(Camera fades in on the scene of carnival-goers milling around. Soon we can see that they are all various types of demons. There are some vampires, slimy chaos demons with antlers, working-class demons wearing T-shirts and overalls, punk demons with wild hair, a ghetto demon with boom box on his shoulder, and "families" of clean-cut demons right out of the 1950s. A vampire couple is energetically kissing and fondling between two tents -- a "mommy demon" jerks her "child" away as they walk past this unwholesome display of affection. Various "standard" sideshow attractions are being hawked (example: guess your age -- must be correct within a century or you win the shrunk head of a lawyer).

(The camera pans to the Professor's tent, which now sports a hastily-done poster that says "Now Showing / Straight from the BRONZE / The Singing Werewolf.")

#### INSIDE SIDESHOW TENT

(Oz, now dressed in oversized clothes apparently borrowed from the Professor, is alone on a small stage fiddling with an unfamiliar guitar, which is a large, electric hollow body, apparently minus amplifier or speakers. His feet are bare and he is chained at the ankle to the leg of the chair on which he is sitting. Camera pans back to reveal a couple of dozen wooden chairs that have been placed in vague rows on the earthen floor in front of the stage. The yellow cage is just visible to one side of the stage. The indistinct voice of the Professor is heard outside the tent hawking the performance. Oz continues to strum and adjust the tuning as a few bored-looking demons saunter in and seat themselves. )

(The henna-colored assistant leans against the edge of the stage, regarding Oz with continued interest.)

Asst: "Hey, kid." (Oz moves his eyes slightly to look at her, but otherwise does not acknowledge her.) "You know whose guitar that was?"

(This pricks Oz's interest: he stops strumming, takes the guitar with both hands, and starts examining it for clues to its origin. After turning it over once or twice, he looks directly at the assistant, but still says nothing.)

(Before she can say any more, the voice of The Professor becomes suddenly louder as he enters the tent, talking continuously about the "marvelous spectacle" the audience is about to witness, etc. etc. Both Oz and Assistant look toward him.)

#### THE LIBRARY

(Shot of the double doors. School bell rings, followed by the sound of 1000 newly-liberated students tromping toward the exits. Buffy and Xander burst in energetically. )

Xander: "Free at last, free at last, thank god almighty. . .  
"

Giles: (distractedly) "You two, come over here. There's important work to be done."

Xander: "Hey, I'm calling my parole board. This qualifies as "cruel and unusual." "

Buffy: "Cruel, but not unusual."

(Cut to Amy, now dressed and neat, seated at library table with Giles. In front of her is a stack of old leather-bound books. Willow is sitting next to her, operating an old microfilm machine.)

Xander: (Bending down to see what is on the screen of the microfilm reader) "Hey, Sunnydale News -- Isn't that all on the Web nowadays -- you don't need to use this old thing." (referring to microfilm reader).

Willow: (Engrossed with what is on the screen) "They didn't scan all the old advertisements, just the news stories and stuff."

Amy: "We are looking at circuses and carnivals that visited Sunnydale. . . Look at this one. . . "

Xander: (reading from screen) "September 4th, 1898 . . . da, da-da, da-da . . . Greatest show. . . Professor Ouji. (beat) Professor Ouji?"

Amy: "Right. But look at this. . . 'The Professor and his assistant from an exotic far-off land will summon up sprites, spirits, and long-dead ancestors using the secret Key of the ancients.'"

Xander: "'Key' of the ancients? Is that like the Key of Solomon you were talking about?"

Willow: (machine squeaks as she scrolls the microfilm. Then, Willow jumps in her seat excitedly) "That's him!" (pauses; then with surprise) "Is that mayor Wilkins shaking his hand?"

Buffy: (also surprised) "Must be his great-grandfather."

Giles: (squinting at the screen, reading) "Professor Ouji shakes the



hand of Sunnydale's mayor Wilkins at the recent Carnival at the Sunnydale fair grounds..."

Amy: "Look at this one. 'September 6th, 1898. . . Poltergeists worry Sunnydale residents. . . Strange happenings at the fair grounds. . . Volcanic activity . . . Sulfurous fumes. . . '"

Buffy: "' . . Wilkins to run unopposed for 6th term as Sunnydale mayor.'"

Giles: (straightening up, blinking to clear his vision after straining at the microfilm screen) "Willow. . . are you sure. . . "

Willow: (anticipating) "Yes, I'm sure it's him. . . The Professor."

Giles: "Well then. . . " (not at all sure what to do next)

Amy: " I know how to get to him." (picks up little black book, "Key of Solomon", looks at it, smiles and nods her head slightly.)

#### WILLOW'S BEDROOM

(Back in the same room as the opening scene. This time, Amy is wearing the fortune-teller's outfit previously worn by Willow, who is now squirming uncomfortably in a brief, but gaudy "assistant's" outfit, covered with sequins and jingly little bells. Buffy is looking regal in a white robe with a large white turban. Xander is wearing an acrobat's costume with black pants, silver vest and red fez and is attempting to juggle three balls. Giles appears totally morose in a baggy, oversized clown's costume and large red nose, but no other makeup. Wesley looks on in a striped suit and a bow tie [it is ambiguous whether it is a costume or his normal attire]. There is the tinny sound of recorded carnival music. Amy presses the "stop" key on a small cassette recorder, and the raspy music stops abruptly.)

Amy: (staring trance-like at the paraphernalia in front of her) "Shhhhh!" (all activity stops) "Willow?" (extends her right hand toward Willow, without averting her stare)

Willow: (slightly startled) "Oh yeah. . . here. . . " (fumbles around briefly, and then hands something to Amy)

(camera angle over Amy's shoulder, as we see that it is a tape cassette)

Amy: (breaks her stare and looks down at the cassette) "Dingoes Ate My Baby!?" (makes a look of disgust)

(reaction shot of Willow, who looks away defensively)

(Amy places the cassette into the boom box, and it starts to play "Dingoes" with a tinny sound.)

Amy: "Everyone hold hands."

(everyone moves into place forming a circle around the ouji board and

other carnival paraphernalia. Chanting begins over the sound of "Dingoes")

All: "Aglon, Tetagram, Veacheon, Retrogrammaton, Existion, Existion.  
. . ."

Amy: "Spirits of the undead, poltergeists, sprites, spirits, faeries, we entreat thee to join us this hour . . ."

(Chanting and music continue; fade to next scene. . .)

#### INSIDE SIDESHOW TENT

(Oz who is singing the same song as was playing on the tape, with about the same fidelity. Lacking an amplifier, the guitar lacks resonance, and sounds like a cigar box strung with rubber bands.)

(The Professor is nodding in time with the music, doing his best to enjoy it, but is not totally pleased with what he is hearing. Desultory hoots and catcalls issue from the few remaining audience members. His Assistant is propped on one elbow at the side of the stage staring up at Oz like a hypnotized cobra. We can only guess what her demonic diet consists of.)

(The sound of chanting from the seance above begins to build. We see a transformation come over the Professor's face. He becomes more agitated, looks around to either side, behind him, over his shoulder. Then gets up, muttering to himself, and starts pacing. The Assistant notices, and Oz looks up from his guitar, but continues to play.)

(Long shot. . . The last of the audience members leave. The Professor stands at the edge of the small stage; his whole body seems to be vibrating. Spastically, he thrusts out an arm and holds on to the stage to steady himself.)

Prof: (talking loudly and rapidly) "Key of Solomon .. not twice in a century do I hear it. . . now twice in two days. Aglon, Tetagram, Veacheon. . . " (shouting loudly at Oz) "What do you know about this boy?"

(Oz stops playing. Assistant looks at her fingernails, dismissive and bored. The audience has left a jumble of wooden chairs, some overturned. Professor takes a deep breath -- a noisy wheeze -- and continues.)

Prof: "I'll tell you what! Nobody can steal my old scam. They're just trying to trap me." (then, mockingly) "They want to get you back. Cute little Werewolf!" (then menacingly) "Well they can't have you! I'll pay a call on that ... Mayor ... the one over the Hellmouth. He'll stop them." (faster and more incoherent) ". . . Little slayer and her friends trying to put me out of business... A hundred years down here. . . And you! You! Werewolf boy. . . " (continues incoherent ranting as the sounds of the chanting swell in the background. Professor puts his hands over his ears.)

#### WILLOW'S BEDROOM

(An overly theatrical Woosh! sound and a cloud of smoke -- everyone

stops chanting, momentarily startled, then they start fanning away the acrid smoke with their hands, coughing, eyes watering, and looking annoyed as the Professor emerges from the cloud.)

(Professor looks around the room disapprovingly. Recognizes Willow and stomps up to her. He is about to speak, but then takes half-a-beat to look her up and down with astonishment at her changed attire. Willow squirms uncomfortably in her gaudy carney-girl costume. He regains his composure, closes his gaping jaw, looks at her face carefully to make sure that it is the same girl that he dealt with the night before, and begins to speak. . . )

Prof: "Young. . . woman! You should be very proud of yourself! You've conned the con. You get me to take that little Werewolf for my show. . . "

Willow: (stuttering with indignation) ". . . Now wait a minute! I didn't . . . know about your old . . . show, and I certainly didn't ask you to take. . . "

(Buffy has removed her ornate turban, and approaches Prof and Willow, a small sharpened stake surreptitiously in her right hand, at her side)

Buffy: "Hey, buster!"

Prof: (Glancing at Buffy) " Ah, Slayer." (turns toward her) "You can't hurt me with that." (indicating stick) (theatrically) "I'm but a ghost; a phantom; a player who has. . . "

Buffy: "Can it bud. Where's Oz?"

Willow: (softly) "Oz!" (look of fear and concern replaces anger in her face)

Prof: (backpedaling) "Ah, your little werewolf. . . Now he was a big sensation down under. . . A big sensation with his . . . uh. . . music. . . But I'm sure that we could work out a deal. . . An exchange? Yes, yes, an exchange. . . You see according to our bargain," (addressing Willow, who has started to pout) " I released your little rat, and in return you gave me just one little thing. . . "

Willow: "But I told you. . . no people . . . only a thing. And Oz is only a werewolf part of the time, and he's not really a werewolf at heart. I mean. . . he doesn't want to be. . . " (getting flustered)

Prof: "Yes, yes. . . and you shall have your little werewolf. . . uh. . . boy. . . back just as soon as I can find a replacement for the show..." (eyes Willow in her costume once again, but before he can make an indecent proposal, Buffy intercedes.)

Buffy: "No exchanges, Skeeze. How'd you like us to recite this thing" (indicates black book with Key of Solomon) "24/7? All incantations, all the time?" (Points to the recorder) "Continuous play."

Prof: (Claps both hands over his ears in horror. Then, looking out the bedroom window, observes the sun disappearing behind the

Sunnydale hills in a sea of orange. Hands come down away from his ears as he realizes what is about to happen to Oz.) "Oh, dear. . . " (everyone turns toward the window, with simultaneous realization)

#### INSIDE SIDESHOW TENT

(Camera initially focuses on the guitar, which is propped on the chair that Oz was sitting on. The sound of a serious catfight swells. Camera pans around the tent to the cage, which is rocking and jerking in sympathy with the sound. The large yellow panel, which previously preserved Oz' modesty now shields us from most of the action, except for an occasional hair-covered or henna-colored limb that flashes into view. In a trail on the ground in front of the cage are the torn clothes that Oz was wearing.)

(The Professor, Giles, Willow, and Buffy enter and approach the cage. Buffy, now in jeans and a t-shirt, is carrying a large set of manacles. Giles, still in costume sans nose, carries the tranquilizer rifle. Willow crosses her arms for modesty in her scanty harem costume. The Professor, gingerly at first, looks over the panel and stares down disapprovingly at his assistant, who is apparently "sharing a moment" with Oz's alter ego.)

Prof: "A-hem."

(Shot of the Assistant's face through the bars, in the shadows of the cage. She has a dreamy look, and suddenly disappears into the shadow as we hear a loud, protracted, cat-like snarl.)

Giles: (Approaches the cage, pokes tranquilizer rifle downward through the bars.) "Oh dear." (Not expecting this particular aspect of Werewolf behavior.)

Willow: (Jumping slightly forward.) "Oz! What is it?"

(Buffy, who has caught on to what is happening, steps between Willow and the cage to prevent her from seeing what is happening behind the panel.)

Buffy: "Hold on, Willow. . . uh. . . Giles has to. . . you know" (indicating the tranquilizer rifle).

Giles: (Over his shoulder.) "That's right, Willow." (pause) "Everyone get back."

(Camera on Buffy and Willow's faces. Then sound of gunshot.)

(Loud noises of werewolf snarling and thrashing around for a few seconds. Then silence.)

(Shot of assistant through bars, as she stands up. All we can see are her head and shoulders, as she straightens her hair. She looks down toward the now inert Oz, and gives a knowing smirk.)

(Professor is scurrying around clanking keys, opening the cage. Assistant steps out languidly, adjusting her costume. The professor stares at her reprovingly. Buffy approaches the cage with the manacles, but Giles intercepts her, hands her the rifle, and reaches for the manacles.)

Giles: "Here, Buffy, better let me do those."

Buffy: "But Giles, I can. . . " (Buffy quickly slips around Giles, looks behind the panel; her eyes widen.) "O. . . K. . . Right." (Handing the manacles to Giles, whispers) "Can you do something about. . . his, uh. . . ?"

(Buffy then spins around and intercepts Willow again, before she can look into the cage.)

Buffy: "Uh. . . Willow, Oz is all right. He's all right."

Willow: "Right. . . Right?"

Buffy: "Giles is just going to put the cuffs on him in case he wakes up. . . And straighten him up a little ... make sure that everything. . . is all. . . uh ... 'straight.'"

Willow: "Straight?"

(Buffy shoots a dirty look at the Assistant, who is looking quite amused with the whole proceeding.)

Buffy: "Yes. . . No!. . . Not now. . . never. . . straight. . . "

Giles: (interrupting) "Here he is. Buffy, would you mind?"

(Buffy easily hoists the werewolf on her shoulders. The Professor, who has been looking on, shows a fleeting appreciation for her strength. [Strong lady for the side show?])

(Willow finally gets to see werewolf-Oz. She looks caringly at his face and touches his head gingerly. He issues quiet snarl, and Willow jumps back.)

Buffy: "Come on, Oz, time to go sleep it off."

#### THE LIBRARY

(The next morning - Giles, Buffy, Willow, and Xander are seated around the large library table. The book cage can be seen in the background, door closed, towels up. Everyone appears quiet. Giles is sipping tea from a china cup; Xander is drinking a take-out coffee. Buffy and Willow are both staring into space, half asleep.)

(Cordelia makes a grand, noisy entrance through the double doors.)

Cordelia: "I want to know what jackass. . . "

Xander: ". . . I'm right here, Cordy."

(Cordelia smirks.)

Cordelia: ". . . parked a giant carnival van in my parking spot."

Giles: Carnival van? (all look up)

Cordelia: "Maybe they're after wolf-boy here. . . oh, uh, sorry."  
(Goes over to cage, looks over the towels; eyes widen. Her hand goes over her mouth to suppress giggles.) "Wow, Willow!" (Hand over mouth again, making for the exit, calls out over her shoulder in a sing-song voice. . .) "Sun's up, guys!"

(Giles jumps up and makes for the book cage.)

(Short cut. Giles, Willow and Oz are at the library table. Oz looks spaced out, a large mug of coffee in his hand. Willow is looking at him with concern. He is wearing his standard cotton t-shirt, but a towel is unaccountably draped over his lap. In the background the book cage door is open.)

Oz: "I feel like I've been in some kind of cat fight. Ohhh, I'm sore." (Looks down at his lap as he shifts painfully in the hard library chair)

Willow: (Scooting closer) "Here, let me rub. Where does it hurt?"

(Oz shoots her a withering glare.)

Willow: (startled, moves back) "Well, all right. . . "

(Buffy and Xander enter, smiling.)

Xander: "Hey, you guys wanta go to the Carnival tonight? They're setting up in the park across the street."

Willow: "The Carnival?" (Eyes wide with reproof.)

Oz: "Yeah, yeah, a carnival. That might be fun."

-fin-

End  
file.